Keep. And hang for't afterward.
Pal. By this good light
Had I a ſword I would kill thee.
Keep. Why my Lord?
Pal. Thou bringſt ſuch pelting ſcuruy news continually
Thou art not worthy life; I will not goe.
Keep. Indeede yon muſt my Lord.
Pal. May I ſee the garden?
Keep. Noe.
Pal. Then I am reſolud, I will not goe.
Keep. I muſt conſtraine you then; and for you are dangerous
Ile clap more yrons on you.
Pal. Doe good keeper.
Ile ſhake 'em ſo, ye ſhall not ſleepe,
Ile make ye a new Morriſſe, muſt I goe?
Keep. There is no remedy.
Pal. Farewell kinde window.
May rude winde never hurt thee. O my Lady
If ever thou haſt felt what ſorrow was,
Dreame how I ſuffer. Come; now bury me.
Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.

Scæna 3. *Enter Arcite.*

Arcite. Baniſhd the kingdome? tis a benefit,
A mercy I muſt thanke 'em for, but baniſhd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh twas a ſtuddied puniſhment, a death
Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance
That were I old and wicked, all my ſins
Could never plucke upon me. *Palamon*;
Thou haſt the Start now, thou ſhalt ſtay and ſee
Her bright eyes breake each morning gainſt thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou ſhalt feede
Vpon the ſweetenes of a noble beauty,
That nature nev'r exceeded, nor nev'r ſhall:
Good gods! what happines has *Palamon*?
Twenty to one, hee'le come to ſpeake to her,
And if ſhe be as gentle, as ſhe's faire,

I know ſhe's his, he has a Tong
Tempeſts, and make the wild
The worſt is death; I will not
I know mine owne, is but a h
And no redreſſe there, if I goe
I am reſolu'd an other ſhape
Or end my fortunes. Either
Ile ſee her, and be neere her, o

Enter 4. Country people, &

1, My Maſters, ile be there
2. And Ile be there.
3. And I.
4. Why then have with
Let the plough play to day, il
Of the ladies tailes to morrow
1. I am ſure
To have my wife as jealous a
But that's all one, ile goe thro
2. Clap her aboard to morr
And all's made up againe.
3. I, doe but put a feskue
Take a new leſſon out, and
Doe we all hold, againſt the
4. Hold? what ſhould a
3. *Arcas* will be there.
2. And *Sennois*.
And *Rycas*, and 3. better lad
And yet know what wench
But will the dainty Domin
Doe you thinke: for he do'
3. Hee'l eate a hornebook
ter's too farre driven betwee
ter, to let ſlip now, and ſhe
daunce too.
4. Shall we be luſty.
2. All the Boyes in Ather